A SERMON

Occasioned by the

DEATH

OF THE

Right Honourable,

THE

Lady GUILFORD.

By *Philip Horneck*, L. L. B. Chaplain to the Right Honourable, *Francis*, Lord *Guilford*.

LONDON,

Printed for *Edward Rumball*, at the *Post-House* in *Russel-street*, in *Covent-Garden*. MDCXCIX.

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The Epistle Dedicatory,

TO THE

Right Honourable,

FRANCIS,

Lord *GUILFORD.*

MY LORD,

WHilst others Mourn in Silence the Loss of the Deceased Saint, I must beg leave to make a Publick Declaration of my Grief, tho it must fall short of a true Sympathy *with Your* Lordship's; *who, being Related to her in the strictest Alliance, best knew the value of her while Living, must sensibly perceive the want of her now Dead.*

This, my Lord, *would Naturally draw on a Consolatory Discourse, were I not fully assur'd of the Presumption of such an Attempt. Your* Lordship *is furnish'd with better Arguments than I can give; the happy effects of which, appear in that true Settlement and composure of your Spirits.*

I that saw Your Lordship's *demeanour at the most Melancholy Juncture, with what* Christian *Courage and Constancy you receiv'd the News of My* Lady's *Death, how Glorious you rose above the Billows which threaten'd you, cannot doubt but the same Principles which fortify'd you at that time, have since confirm'd you beyond a possibility of falling. Such exemplary Conduct,* My Lord, *was highly requisite to secure the Interest of* Religion; *for had Your* Lordship *fail'd in that great Point of* Resignation, *Hundreds that stood beneath your Shade, might have stagger'd in their Belief, when they had seen so Tall a Cedar shatter'd and broke by the assaults of Fate. But still Your* Lordship's *Grief was comely, your Lamentations well temper'd: All the Tenderness and Passion that could be fairly allow'd, Your* Lordship *express'd; yet, at the lowest ebb, never betray'd a* Sorrow without Hope. *This was truly Great, and Rational; for, as a* Philosopher *of old observes,* It is not Benevolence, but Weakness, that prompts a Man to continual Grief, and makes those only fear whom Reason has not sufficiently arm'd against Contingencies.

And here I cannot but Congratulate Your Lordship *upon bearing the Stroke so well: For none can*

imagine how vast a touch Nature gives, how piercing the Sufferings of one's Blood are, but those whose tender Bowels feel the Smart; and I dare affirm no Person of such quick Resentments as Your Lordship is Master of, could have set bounds to their Passion: None besides your Lordship but must have fainted under the Load. In fine, No Person that had once enjoy'd so valuable a Consort, but would have courted Solitude for ever. But Your Lordship has bravely Surmounted the busy Encroachments of Nature, and wisely considered that this Inestimable Prize was snatch'd from us by the special designation of Providence. *Vertue has no security from the* Grave; Death *riots on the spoil of the best as well as the most.* Cato *enquires of the Gods* why Pompey should be vanquished by Cæsar, who had much the better cause. *We may likewise wonder, but with more Modesty,* Why the Righteous Perish, and the wicked Survive and Prosper. *No doubt the Almighty has great reason for such severe dispensations, either that we are not worthy of them, or that we prize them too much: In this last torrential Instance, I hope, I shall not exceed the bounds of Modesty, if I ascribe the former to our selves, the latter to Your* Lordship; *For Your* Lordship

must

must own, you Lov'd her, Lov'd her dearly, nay, Lov'd her passionately. This God saw, and, perhaps, deprived Your Lordship of so great a Blessing on purpose to draw off your Thoughts from all Sublunary things. This is the result of his boundless Knowledge, who foresees what is best for us, and mingles ill with the good things of this Life, Fears with our Hopes, Crosses with our greatest Pleasures, lest we should set too great a value upon any thing here below, and abandon Heaven for present Fruition. The Spirit is apt to yield in Prosperity, and we grow too frequently upon the liberal Distributions of Providence, till God humbles us by Affliction, recalls our wandring Thoughts, and out of these Clouds creates a Glorious Day. As to these following Pages, I have little to offer in their behalf, and therefore must beg Your Lordship's Protection, both for them and my self. The first Essays, in any kind, are hazardous, but Attempts of this Nature are almost desperate. For upon such occasions we are unavoidably exposed to one of these two Censures, either of saying too little, or too much: The latter of which Imputations does no ways concern me: For how prevalent soever the Malice of the World may be, I will venture to affirm, that I have not, neither was I in a possibility of doing Justice to My Lady; For those

Characters

Characters *I have drawn are only* Sketches *of her Life; but could I have been led into her Retirements, I do not queſtion but there might have been form'd one of the compleateſt Models that has been exhibited to the World for ſome Ages paſt. Indeed, thoſe ſcatter'd Pieces of her Life ought to have been toucht by a more maſterly Hand, but I had no power to diſpute Your* Lordship's *Command, which will, in ſome meaſure, I hope, attone or the Defects. Here I muſt not forget to acquaint the World what repeated Hints I receiv'd from Your* Lordship *to avoid all artificial Strains, falſe Colourings, and ſuſpicious Gloſſes. Theſe I have ſtrictly obey'd; nay, I have went ſo far as to lay aſide even common Ornaments that I might not endanger the truth of the* Character. *And now,* My Lord, *it's time to ask Pardon for this trouble, but, at the ſame time, muſt beg Your* Lordship *to indulge one* Plea *(if it may be admitted as ſuch) That the miſcarriages of Young Adventurers are more excuſable than others; eſpecially where neither Raſhneſs or Ambition has any hand in the Attempt. From theſe Crimes I can ſafely abſolve my ſelf; and if Your* Lordship *will be pleas'd to forgive the reſt, it will be a mighty Encouragement to the green Enterprizes of,*

MY LORD,
Your Lordſhip's moſt Devoted
Servant and Chaplain,
PHILIP HORNECK.

ERRATA.

Page 30. line 25. read her for our

[redacted]

A Funeral Sermon

ON

Proverbs XXXI. xxxi.

And let her own Works praise her in the Gates.

THIS Chapter contains the True and Genuine Character of a Vertuous Woman, with relation to a Married State. The proper Offices and Employments are specify'd, and her Vertue is plac'd not only in Prayer, and Devotions, but likewise in the prudent Conduct of her Domestick Affairs; Instruction of her Children,

dren, and keeping much at home. These Qualifications the Wise Man exacts of the Female Sex, and prefers them to Beauty, Shape, or any other outward Accomplishments: *Favour is deceitful, and Beauty is vain, but the Woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised.*

And lest any one should Object, that it's possible, after having done so many laudable Actions, no person will set a due value on them, he prevents all fears of this nature, by adding, that her own works will praise her: *And let her own works praise her in the Gates.*

The sole difficulty contain'd in the Words, depends upon that Phrase of being *praised in the Gates.* For the clearing of which, be pleas'd to observe, that in ancient times the publick Seats of Judicature were fix'd in the Gates of the City; to the end that all Passengers might see Justice impartially distributed; and if any Person, either going or coming, had any just Plea against the Sentence pronounc'd, he might offer it in favour of the Party Condemned. These Gates being publick Places where all Causes were try'd, and the common

Tranſactions of the World brought in; the meaning of the Expreſſion comes to this iſſue; even *That a Perſon ſo Meritorious, as is repreſented in the preceding Lines, ſhall have the honour of receiving publick Praiſe and Commendation.* Her Praiſes ſhall not be confin'd to the ſingle breath of her Neighbours, but proclaim'd with a general voice; her Merits ſhall not lie conceal'd within the walls of her own Houſe, but flie abroad, and become the ſole Diſcourſe of the Town.

Here might be ſome uſeful Doctrines rais'd from the Text, but I fear they would be too General; beſides, the Solemnity of this Occaſion Commands me to particularize; and the Illuſtrious Vertues of the Deceas'd, to whoſe Memory we Sacrifice, Challenges from me more than the compaſs of theſe following Pages will admit of. A Perſon whoſe eminent vertues raiſed her beyond equality, and have now given her a proportionate Glory amongſt the Saints above. A Perſon whoſe Death calls for general Mourning, but a tranſcendant ſorrow from the good; a Perſon of whom the World was not worthy. In ſhort, a Perſon of whom ſhould I ſpeak but modeſtly the time would fail me. The Theme is ſpacious, and might well excuſe

cuſe enlargements; but I ſhall endeavour to keep within the bounds of your patience and attention. Truth ſhall be my Guide through the ſeveral Scenes of her Character; and indeed ſhe wants no adventitious Gloſſes to ſmooth over the Hiſtory of her Life. That Tongue is to be ſuſpected which is purely tun'd to the Ear; and Falſhood, we know, delights in borrow'd Ornaments, whilſt Truth appears more comely, and Triumphs in her Primitive Nakedneſs, and Simplicity. The Object will appear truly Glorious, without the advantage of falſe Mirrours, ſo that I am under no temptation of mixing the Colours to advantage, or making the Touches appear more lively, for *her own Works ſhall praiſe her in the Gates.* Yet this muſt not exclude our pious Officiouſneſs, or debar us the pleaſure of recounting her Vertues; it's fit they ſhould be convey'd down to Poſterity, that future Ages may *admire*, and commemorated at this time, that the preſent Age may *imitate* them. It is not ſufficient to ſay that a Perſon was good, without amplifying upon the Character; Particulars always leave the deepeſt impreſſion, and excite the Generous to emulation. But here I am at a loſs where to begin, freſh Beau-

ties crowd in and dazle us, Wonders lie disperſed thro' the whole Series of her Life, and each Minute conſiſted of Actions Great and Memorable.

The Infancy of moſt Perſons is deſervedly paſs'd over, containing little elſe but Simplicities, and innocent Paſtime; and Relators are cautious of introducing them upon the Stage, leſt they ſhould ſully the Actions of their riper years. But here even theſe tender Minutes muſt not be loſt; for whilſt others of her Age purſued their Childiſh Diverſions, ſhe was attentive to good Advice; whilſt others trifled away their time, ſhe would be asking Queſtions ſurprizing, and much above her Age.

She was early poſſeſs'd with an awful Reverence of God, and with the conſequence of that, an eſteem for Religion. It's true ſhe had been excellently well Principled, as being under the Care and Direction of Worthy * Parents; and with *Timothy, from a Child had been inſtructed in the Holy Scriptures.* But ſtill there was ſomething too remarkable in her at thoſe years, to eſcape our acknowledgment, *viz. her Religious Doubts*; for ſhe would be ſcrupulous even about indifferent Matters, and could not be

* *The Right Honourable* Foulk *Lord* Brook, *and his Pious Lady.*

be prevail'd with to enter upon an Action which seem'd doubtful. This was not the effect of Superstitious Fears; her Soul was ever exalted above any encroachments of that Nature. The truth is, she had form'd to her self a true Notion of God's infinite Goodness, and from thence made this natural Inference, *That he was of purer eyes than to behold the least shadow of Iniquity*, which made her so strict and cautious.

When very young, she express'd a strong desire to go to the *Holy Sacrament*, and would frequently entertain her self with the thoughts of that Bliss she should reap from thence. She soon became sensible of what she had promis'd in her *Baptismal Covenant*, and was eager to confirm and ratifie those Engagements at the Altar. But still she suspected there was too much rashness in her Desire, and forbore till she came to maturer years. These Holy Fears were sure Prophecies of her future strictness, and her Dawn being so Glorious, no wonder that the Day proved so bright.

As she grew up, the impulse was so strong upon her, that it could be no ways resisted; and accordingly she appear'd at the *Holy Table*.

But

But what Conflicts did she suffer? What different Passions strugled in her Breast? Fear lest she should prove an Unworthy Receiver; Joy that she was admitted to so great an Honour, as to be made a Partaker of the Benefits accruing from the Death of her Saviour. Her Transports after Receiving were too great to be conceal'd; she profess'd there was no pleasure on this side Heaven comparable to it, and that it was the richest and most satisfactory Banquet she had ever tasted. The Joy she found, was a mighty encouragement for her to persist in that Duty, and her preparations to it were strict and Laborious. All her thoughts [illegible] under Correction, and as she kept Minutes of her Life, so nothing of the least importance could escape her Knowledge. She was always free from Reserves, but before a Communion she would lay open her Soul, make the strictest Animadversions, and heighten each Trespass into a Crime, and even after the severest Scrutiny, would be self-diffident, and lay the best of her Services at the foot of the *Cross*. She look'd upon it as an high Indignity to turn her back upon the *Holy Table*, and wherever she found a remitness in the Celebration of that Ordinance, she heartily bewail'd the

Neglect,

Neglect, and was forward in promoting so important a Duty.

From her Infancy she was an early Riser; and what the Ancient *Philosophers* enjoyn'd as necessary to the preservation of Health, she practised upon a Religious account. No sooner waking, but impatient till she was upon her Knees. She always began the Day with Praises to God for the past Nights preservation, and then hasted to her Closet to beg his protection of her the following Day, in a more humble and solemn manner.

This Retirement generally lasted from Six to Eight in the Morning; part of which time was spent in Reading the *New-Testament*, with Annotations upon it; and wherever she lighted on a passage applicable to her self, or fell in with relations of Great and Exemplary Men, she would pitch on them for Subjects of her ensuing Meditation.

She constantly Pray'd five times a Day, and how she demean'd her self in the Closet, may be easily gathered from the order and regularity of her publick Devotions. There was nothing light or superficial appear'd thro' the whole Series of the Action; she perfectly Wrestled with God for

for a Blessing, and the Sacrifice was purified with Fire. So observant she was of the most decent Postures in Prayer, that when there was an absolute necessity for her being excused Kneeling, it was with great difficulty she was brought to comply. If once upon her Knees, no business of the greatest importance could raise her before the Service was ended.

Indeed she was so entirely fix'd upon the Duty in hand, as not to be aware of common Disturbances. No sudden Visits, or fear of breaking an Appointment could tempt her to a Neglect; and if any Person of the highest Rank came in at the beginning of the Service, she would invite them to joyn with her, and Congratulate them upon coming in so seasonable a minute. Her Zeal in this Case did not burn inwardly, but diffused it self thro' the whole Family, whose attendance she constantly required; and no excuse could attone for their absence, after she had given Orders that all Business should be postponed to the Service of God, or totally omitted, rather than any failure should occur in those Holy Exercises.

And here the Transition to her Fasting is very natural. She constantly Fasted once a Week, but

would not tie her self up to a set Day, on purpose to avoid discovery. When prevented by Company, or any extraordinary Occasions, from Fasting on the Day she propos'd, the Concern was so great as to draw Tears from her eyes; and if any Business interven'd on that day she actually Fasted, she thought the Mortification lame and imperfect.

Her Abstinence in the time of *Lent* is almost incredible, arriving very near to that which the Primitive Fathers call ὑπερθέσμους the *Fasts of Superposition*, the most exquisite sort observed by the ancient *Monks*.

This was so far from creating impatience in her, that her Spirits were more composed in the Evening, and a double sprightliness and vivacity played in her Countenance, arising from Peace within, which was a continual Feast to her. Such a tender frame as hers, would have administred fear to others, and put them upon great caution in the Treatment of it; nay they would have concluded such Severities impracticable, and sat down with the discharge of milder Duties; but she was unwilling to impose upon her self, and plead inability before an attempt.

She was resolv'd to try the utmost of her strength, believing that uncommon Supports were vouchsaf'd to those who ran the Race with Cheerfulness; of which she tasted in an eminent manner, inasmuch as she was enabled to go through those Severities without any visible decay in her Health.

The Recreations she took lay out of the common Road; for she could by no means allow of those which generally pass under that plausible Name. There was too much Impertinence, in her Opinion, allied to the common Vices of the Age, to be very fond of them. Besides, the many idle words, and detracting Stories which pass interchangeably at such times, discouraged her from being frequently engaged in them. Plays were Diversions she never admired; and if she chanced to go, it was owing more to the importunity of her Friends, than her own Inclinations.

And to be plain, her complaceney to the general humour of the Age, in this particular, was purely that Religion might not suffer any imputation, as if it rendered its Votaries peevish and ill-humour'd. Whenever she went, she always inform'd her self first of the Character of the Play, never

venturing to go, except represented to her as inoffensive to Good Manners; for a profane Expression made her turn pale, and jesting with Serious Matters chilled her Blood.

Of late the Stage has been so Corrupted, the Characters so Obscene; in short, the whole Plot and Artifice of the Play so Destructive to the Great Ends of *Religion*, that she grew more and more averse to them. In all other Recreations she was so far from Transgressing, that she always kept within the Bounds of *Christian Liberty*. Her sprightliest Hours had their Allay, for she qualified her Joy with Fear and Trembling; and her Diversions, to say the Truth, were Great, and Instructive.

For want of Employment, Persons of her Losty Station are apt to run into excess of Vanity; and not knowing how to spend their time, lie open to a thousand Temptations. Thus whilst they think themselves Privileged by their Quality to sit Idle, they insensibly fall from doing Nothing, to that which is worse than Nothing.

Against this Danger she was fully secur'd, by being always well employ'd; *Essays*, *History*, *Morality*, with the like, took up all the vacancies

she

ſhe could ſpare from the ſtricter Duties of *Religion.* She had too fine a Taſt to reliſh any thing mean or trifling. The Hiſtories of our Nation ſhe had made her own; and that Knowledge, which would have ſatisfy'd a common Curioſity, did but inflame her deſire of knowing more; for ſhe pierced beyond her Native Clime, enquired into the riſe and fall of remote *Empires*, the variety of Laws and Eſtabliſhments, with the like. Theſe were the Subjects of her Entertainment. And there was nothing extant in our own Language, too great for her *Genius* to compaſs; for ſhe had a wonderful quickneſs of apprehenſion, with that peculiar Bleſſing of a correct Judgment. Being always thus happily employed, little time remain'd for the lower ſort of Diverſions; neither was it poſſible for one of ſuch exalted Principles to deſcend from thoſe heights ſhe poſſeſs'd; for ſuch ſtudies as theſe fix the Mind upon what is laudable and ſerious, and prevent waſting the time in Luxury and Folly. And *that Woman* (as *Plutarch* obſerves in his Conjugal Precepts) *who is ſtudious of Geometry, will never affect the wanton motions of a Dance. And ſhe that is charmed with the ſublime notions of* Plato and Zenophon, *will look with*

diſdain

disdain upon lascivious Novel and amorous Romance. Her collection of Books was very choice, and none could find admittance there but those which carry'd Use as well as Entertainment along with them.

This Converſation with the Dead, was as pleaſant to her as with the Living, and ſhe heartily pity'd thoſe who complain'd of Solitude and want of company, when they had ſuch variety in their Cloſets; often repeating that old Axiom, *That ſhe never found more company than when ſhe was alone.*

She was free from Paſſion of any kind, and could command her ſelf upon the greateſt occaſions, without the trouble of running over the *Alphabet.* Indeed ſhe was of ſo fine a Complexion, that no particular quality or humour had the Aſcendent over her; and upon that account was not ſo apt to be raiſed on a ſudden; and before it came to any dangerous height, ſhe had time to prepare her ſelf againſt it. There was ſuch a due balance in her Temper that it kept her from unuſual Tranſports on one hand, and mean Depreſſions on the other. The only thing that was able to create a change in her, was, *The loſs of a dear Friend or Relation*: At ſuch

a Juncture, the tenderneſs and flexibility of her Soul was diſplayed; But theſe were Reſentments which proceeded from a Principle of Nature, and were out of hers, as well as others power to prevent. And indeed the contrary, which is the *Stoical Apathy*, or rather Bruiſh Inſenſibility, extinguiſhes all that ſociable Love which is ſo very neceſſary to the Creature, and the very Cement of human Society. Still, at the Criſis of ſuch a Tryal which was as painful to her as a ſever'd Limb, She never parted with her Reaſon, but always conquered the Paſſion before it became *Unchriſtian*.

Gracious and pleaſant, like a Morning Sun, ſhe broke forth upon all, as well Strangers as Familiars. There was a ſettled chearfulneſs dwelt on her Brow, which beſpoke her always contented, ſuch happy Lines as expreſſed the Sincerity of her Soul. To this was joyn'd a wonderous Humility, eaſineſs of acceſs, and condeſcention both to the Ignorance and Weakneſs of others, tho' ſhe knew at the ſame time what was due to her Station, as well as any of her Rank; but ſhe could not endure a ſervile diſtance, conſidering all Chriſtians as fellow Members of the ſame Body.

Theſe

These mighty Gifts and Accomplishments soon made her Conspicuous, and drew not only the Eyes, but the Hearts and Affections of all People unto her: Still amidst these Applauses she maintain'd her Ground; she industriously shunn'd Popularity, and affected to live in Shades: But Alas! that was a vain Attempt; for the Beams of her Goodness soon pierc'd the Cloud which had conceal'd it, and discover'd her in the most private Recesses. There are few Persons but what are ambitious of telling the World what they know; and this Vanity is more excusable in the Female Sex, when they arrive to such distinguishing Heights: But certainly no Person that ever knew, or did so much, cared to inform the World less of it. *Themistocles* was wont to say, *That the sweetest Musick was a Man's own Praise.* She was just of the contrary Opinion; and nothing was more untuneable, than to hear People run out into *Eulogies* and Commendations of her. She thought Praise too nearly related to Flattery and Lies: and as she never admired herself, so she could not bear to be commended by another.

She often expressed a great Contempt of the World, and thought no Time so ill spent as

that

that which was laid out in Dreſſing. Trains and Attendance were always uneaſie to her: She accounted Greatneſs no better than Gilded Slavery, and many Servants but a civiler Sort of Guard. The Plaineſt Dreſs pleaſed her moſt, and if ever She put on any thing more Airy and Ornamental than uſual, it was to avoid Singularity, and to comply with thoſe Perſons whoſe Commands She never diſputed.

She was very nice in the choice of her Friends; civil to all, only the Good were dear to her; and thoſe that had the Honour of being eſteemed ſo, might conclude themſelves happy; for (not to mention her readineſs to aſſiſt them in their greateſt Exigencies) in the ſtricteſt Friendſhip She would never omit reproving an Indecency; for She thought mutual inſpection and advice to be the proper Branches of it, and was as faithful to her Friends as their own Conſciences. As She never was prepoſſeſs'd againſt any one upon a doubtful repreſentation, ſo She would not contract an intimacy upon the ſcore of 2 or 3 plauſible Actions, but would firſt obſerve the variety of their Sentiments, Turns and Affections, at different Junctures;

and if they anſwered her expectation, they were Enrolled amongſt the happy number of her Favourites. This made her Friendſhip more Valuable and Laſting: And, after ſhe was once fix'd, it was no eaſy matter to diſplace her Eſteem.

Her Charity had no Bounds; all Taſted of her Benevolence; and I dare affirm ſhe never diſmiſs'd a true Object unrelieved. But ſhe would not ſtay for their coming to ask a Boon: Her care and vigilance Anticipated their Requeſts, and the frequent Supplies ſhe conveyed by different Hands are ſtanding Monuments of her Bounty in that kind.

She was a ſtrict obſerver of the Sabbath, and never miſs'd the Publick Service of the Church, unleſs prevented by Sickneſs; and even at that time the uneaſineſs upon her Spirits, for ſtaying away, was ſo great, that without a Gracious Providence, might have increaſed the *Malady*. Her attention at Church, was always fix'd; and having the advantage of a Tenacious Memory, ſhe could eaſily Command, not only the general Heads, but likewiſe all the material Paſſages in a *Sermon*, which ſhe committed to Short-Hand before Dinner, and afterwards digeſted more

more Regularly, in order to ruminate on them the ſucceeding Week.

Her Inclinations were very much bent to a ſingle Life; fearing that the Incumbrances attendant on a Married State would engroſs too much of her time. But all theſe Jealouſies vaniſh'd when ſhe found ſo Pious and Chearful a concurrence in her *Noble Lord* for promoting thoſe good Deſigns ſhe had form'd to her ſelf beforehand. And here I muſt not omit one thing which I have in Command to make Publick, *viz.* that *My Lord* found her Example and Perſwaſion of that infinite uſe and advantage to him in the Affairs of Religion, as to own her the happy Inſtrument, next under God, of reviving thoſe good Habits which were near Dying in him thro' neglect of Improvement. This no ways depreciates the Character of that Great Man. This is no more than what Men of Rank and Eminence have confeſs'd before. *Valerianus* ow'd his Converſion to his Wife *Cecilia*, *Sizinius* to *Theodora*, and *Adrianus* was tempted to Dye a Martyer thro' the Inſtigation of his Wife *Natolia*.

Further, all that had the Honour of knowing the Deceaſed *Saint*, muſt confeſs her Power was Irreſiſtible: And no wonder ſhe had ſuch an

Influence over *Him* in a concern of this Nature, where beſides the Commanding Excellency of Religion, Love on his ſide prepared the way, and Innumerable Charms on her's where alway ready to Second the Requeſt.

To amplify at laſt upon her Duty, Love, and Honour; To tell you ſhe was ſingularly Prudent in the management of her Domeſtick Affairs, That ſhe was a Woman of the trueſt Conduct, and Studious of the Credit of her *Lord*, were but to leſſen the Dignity of the former Characters; for no one will ſuppoſe that a Perſon who made ſo great a proficiency in the Sublimeſt parts of *Religion*, could poſſibly fail in the Subordinate Points.

Yet there is one thing more that deſerves our Remembrance, *viz.* Her Meditations upon moſt of the *Evangelical* Duties, which I have had the Honour of peruſing ſince her Death. They are all Lofty and Divine. The ſtrains of them are raiſed ſo far above the Common level of Mortality, that they appear to me no leſs than the *Raptures of expiring Saints*. Whether they are all of her own compoſure, I am not able to determine: But ſure I am there is an

acceſſion

acceſſion of her Thoughts by the Style and Tenour of the writing.

In the *Zenith* of her Health, She would frequently be talking of her Diſſolution, and ſpeak of Death as of a Familiar Friend; and I know no Parallel ſo exact as that of the Famous *Marcella*, *St. Jerome's* Friend, of whom the Pious Father reports, *That ſhe conſtantly led ſuch a kind of Dying Life, that ſhe fancy'd her ſelf Old and Decaying before ſhe Remembred that ſhe was Young and Handſom; and every time ſhe diſrobed her ſelf, ſtill the thoughts of ſhifting her Earthly Tabernacle Sprung up in her Mind.* Thus the Bleſt Soul ſpent her Days. And now the Tragick part comes on. Here I could willingly be excuſed, and with *Timanthes* the *Painter* throw a Veil over the reſt. But there were too many Obſervables in the laſt Minutes of her Life to lye concealed. Here Illneſs was ſudden and ſurprizing, and the fierceneſs with which it aſſailed her at firſt, ſeem'd to carry Mortality along with it. However ſhe had nothing to do but to Dye; and had the firſt ſtroke proved Fatal, ſhe could have departed with Old *Simeons* Faith and Aſſurance. But God was pleaſed to reſpite her for ſome time. After ſhe came out of her Fits, which continued for two Days, with little

little Intermiſſion: She expreſſed no Impatience tho' her Tortures were exceſſive. No ſooner had ſhe gathered up a few Remains of ſtrength, which were all too little to combat with the Diſtemper, but ſhe employ'd part of them in Praiſes to God for the ſeeming Deliverance. The Night before her departure ſhe renew'd her Petitions with ſuch Vehemence, that nothing but immediate relief could have ſecured her from fainting away. After this the favourable Symptoms vaniſhed, and we could no longer flatter our ſelves when the decay was ſo viſible; yet ſhe retained a Quick and Active ſenſe, and as her Spirits flagg'd and deny'd her utterance, her Holy Breathings increaſed. A peculiar Sweetneſs lodged on her Countenance in the Bittereſt of her Pangs, and her Face ſeem'd to be impregnated with Heavenly Light. Being made ſenſible of Approaching Death ſhe diſcovered no change, but talk'd free and unconcerned about her Funeral. No Diſcompoſure appeared in her but what the Tears and Groans of the ſorrowful Attendants created; and that proceeded from a Tenderneſs of Soul in her, for ſhe was intirley reſigned and more prepared

pared to depart than we were to loſe her. As our Sorrows increaſed ſhe endeavoured to moderate them, and comforted us with the poſſibility of her Living, tho' ſhe knew it was her Gain to Dye: And indeed ſhe was the fitteſt Perſon to give Advice, even in thoſe languiſhing minutes, as being more ſettled and compoſed than any about her. Her Soul was ſerene to the laſt; and no wonder, ſince ſhe had this Teſtimony from her Conſcience, That *in Godly Simplicity and Sincerity ſhe had converſed in the World.* She called for the Bleſſed *Sacrament* ſome Hours before her Departure. That was always her proper Cordial; but at this juncture it revived her beyond the Richeſt Drops; for her Strength and Activity after receiving was Remarkably Superior to what ſhe had poſſeſs'd ſome hours before, and had her Spirits continued Freſh and Vigorous to the end, had her Power been equal to her Deſire, How *Seraphick* would the laſt Act of her Life have been? What lively Deſcriptions would ſhe have given us of the *New Jeruſalem?* In what Heavenly Raptures would ſhe have given up the *Ghoſt?* But God in his infinite Wiſdom thought fit to deny us that Bliſs, whilſt ſhe

ſhe, happy Soul! poſſeſs'd it all within. A ſilent Joy had filled all the Channels of her Soul, and like a Deep Stream ran gently thro' her. A Joy ſhe had which was better felt than Expreſt. A Joy ariſing from a full Confidence in God. A Joy Immenſe and Raviſhing; and in the middle of the *Comendatory Prayer* reſign'd her Innocent Breath into the Hands of a Faithful Creator. Thus the bright Star Expired: Thus the Glory of the Age, the beſt of Women, Dyed, and her Longing Soul ſoon took its way to the Manſions above. Thus fell the Beautious Pile, and the fine Lineaments of her Face ſoon loſt their ſplendour. Thus the Temple was deſtroyed, and the Fair gueſt ſoon quited its abode. Yet ſtill the good Works ſhe hath done are left behind her: They will *Praiſe her in the Gates* and give her Immortality. They will Survive the ſhort date of Inſcriptions, and proclaim her worth beyond the reach of Talkative Tombſtones. This can only qualify the mighty loſs, whilſt the contemplation of her Divine Excellencies muſt give us a lively Image of what ſhe was, and preſent her as Living, to our view. It was not barely the deſcent from

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lustrious House that could have enbalm'd her Name: Honour of it's self is but a short liv'd Meteor, which no sooner appears but Dyes, unless supported by virtuous Actions, but here was Greatness and Goodness in conjunction, which will make her Shine with a double Lustre. It's an easy matter to convey a Name down to Posterity; the worst as well as the best Actions have been commemorated; but to be talked of with pleasure and to be Numbred amongst the Just in future Ages, is the only thing that can make us covet to be Remembred. This must not tempt us to affect Vain-glory, or do good Works for Ostentation sake. In a true Piety, tho' many commendable Actions may lye concealed, yet enough will be discovered to satisfy the World that we are really better than we appear to be; and few eminently good have Dy'd unregarded, tho' it has been their Fate to live in the remotest Corners. To instance no further than in this Pious Soul now resting with God, none could be more silent in their Devotions; Indeed her greatest Actions lay most retired from common inspection, yet

all her Industry could not prevent their being known.

What remains now but to propose this great Example to your imitation? And there needs not many Motives when the Intrinsick Charms are so inviting. Would you be admired by the Pious in your Life-time, or bewail'd in the Grave? This your good Works must procure you. Are you fond of an honourable Name after your Decease? This your good Works must Establish. In fine, Would you appear truly Glorious to Posterity? Your Goodness must create the Praise. And are not these great Inducements to be vertuous? Are all our good desires extinct? Is all our Zeal decayed? Will none of these Arguments work us up to a resemblance of these Graces, or raise in us a Spirit of Emulation? *Themistocles* we hear complaining, that the *Trophies* of *Miltiades* will not let him sleep; And shall not the much greater Achievements of this Female worthy, Rouze us from our Slumber? Let us no longer trifle away our Time, but forthwith set about the good Work, and Tread in our Steps. This will furnish us with a Joy ineffable

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when we come to lye upon our Death-Beds. This will create Peace within; such a Peace which the World cannot give. The Thoughts of having done well will make our Death easy, and our Passage sure to those Eternal Seats above. Our good Works will make us smell sweet in the Grave, sweet as Flowers with the Morning Dew upon them; such pleasant Odours has the [illegible] Saints left behind, whose loss we deplore; such as will ever Flourish and Maintain their Fragrancy. Histories shall perpetuate her Name so long as the *Sun* and *Moon* endures; and at the Resurrection of the Just her good Works shall be proclaim'd in the Gates of the *New-Jerusalem.*

FINIS.

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